

TOO MUCH CHURCH.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Things are not necessarily dissimilar or contradictory, because different minds view them from different angles. Truth is as large as God, and every soul must have its own vision. That the fragment from a private letter published in No. 29, page 9, should have perplexed so astute a mind as that of the Editor EVANGELIST somewhat surprised me. The two expressions, "more Christ," "less Christ," show that the terms are relative. "The pillar and ground of the truth" was never meant to be applied to the church in a generic sense. Christ is the truth, and he is in the most radical, essential sense the pillar and ground of the church. When the church assumes prerogatives of any kind on the ground of her own authority there is "too much church." All accommodated Scripture passages must yield to the fundamental fact in 1 Cor. iii, 11. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The church can never rise higher than the souls of which it is composed. The more of Christ in the individual, the more Christly will the church be. Christ gains entirely too feeble an expression through us, and the individual and the aggregate entirely too much; and this fact gave rise to my expression, "more Christ and less church." And I am quite sure that in this Brother Harrison will heartily concur. No man respects Christ's church more than I do, but I have little regard for much that dears that appellation. The church deserves her name just to the extent that Christ reigns.

A KINDLY ADMONITION.

BY LAURA SLOTTER.

If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them.—Covet the better gifts.—We may all be helpers.— Etc., Etc.

The sad invitation is so often sent us to attend the funeral of a neighbor, friend or relative, and just as often the object-lesson of life enforces itself upon us. We halt for a moment as it were, and think: "Yes, we ought to be making preparations for such an eventful event which may overtake us at any time," but the tide of accustomed

duties soon come creeping along and generally carries with it our new and best resolutions.

During our reflective moments, thoughts like these engage our attention: "What ought or can I do that I am not now; and in what way might I do the most good, that the world may be the better for my having lived?" We catch glimpses at such times of the realities concerning the great possibilities which cluster in the branches overhanging our pathway, but which, in the hasty pursuits after the things of this world, we seldom notice.

We see plainly that "The whole world lies in wickedness, hard beset by ignorance, uncleanness, injustice, oppression, cruelty. The prince of darkness governs it. The conquests of the devil fill the columns of our newspapers. Where is the street across which he does not build his barricade to defy the armies of the living God? We Christians are put here to fight all this, to drive these enemies out, to make an end to this evil, to bring the bad world into loyalty to God. There is no time to rest. There is no discharge in this war. There is abundant need of all the wisdom, all the bravery, all the strength of all good people."

My dear friends as a sojourner among you, let me ask: *What is the aim of your life?* If it is to become rich in this world's goods and leave a large estate for your family, without any thought for the betterment of suffering and neglected humanity, you need not be surprised then, I say, to find yourself, sometime, imploring the mountains to hide you from the presence and displeasure of the Lord.

We once visited at a home where an only child had, at the age of five years, been snatched away by the hand of death. The mother, in showing me through the house, also invited me into the room containing the trinkets and all the earthly possessions of her lost darling. She tried to tell concerning this and that gift, but the emotions of heart soon overcame the power of speech and we had to view the cherished mementoes in silence.

Likewise you will no doubt have noticed, that it is becoming a custom at the demise of any distinguished person,

for the friends of deceased to collect testimony and publicly present the good, established traits of character as they existed in the life work of their departed loved one. These mementoes, too, will have a room in each interested heart and receive and retain the love they have won for their author. Let us remember that life at best is short, and if we want to occupy a place in the hearts of friends after we are gone, we must be up and doing *good, unselfish* deeds; for by these and by these alone will they care to remember us.

All persons enjoying the right use of their reasoning faculties may become teachers and helpers by using their influence for good among those with whom they associate. Fathers whose faces not infrequently are covered by the blush of humiliation as they behold their own iniquitous habits reflected again in the conduct of their sons, have not heeded their admonition, and have only this one remaining straw to which they may cling: "It is never too late to mend."

The man who thinks more of a quid of tobacco or the fumes of a lighted cigar than of the comfort of those occupying the room with him, even though he is aware that some of the number are invalids, must admit one of two things, viz: that he was improperly trained or else was himself very disobedient.

If we allow selfish propensities to predominate as we mingle in society, we will have very few friends, who love us sincerely or will shed a tear when they hear of our death.

"Let not a death unwept, unhallowed be
The melancholy fate allotted me;
But those who love me living, when I die,
Cherish some fond memory."

This wearisome journey of life may be made much pleasanter by doing much thinking for the benefit of others—crowding self out and making room for others. These thoughts will soon become a sort of second nature with us—develop on and on, ultimately yielding a harvest, of good deeds. Keep your mind thus employed and you will not be chained to earth as was the man whom Bishop Warren once interviewed. He says:

"I once asked a man in Colorado to give me some money for church work. He said that he could not; that he